

War hog

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Summary: A semi-wrap up of the second level. Master Chief is on Planet Halo, searching for survivors, when a dropship comes by...

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The bubbles arose from the water. Whatever was breathing there was dead, or had a tremendous lung capacity. This small part of the battle was over, for now.

><br>What kind of a planet is this?, I thought. Ringworld, I thought to myself, as if I were getting into a major discussion over what to call one of the most amazing discoveries ever by a soldier - let a lone a Spartan.

><br>. . . and there I was. Searching a planet for a team or two of Marines and a large part of our Military's history - Captain Keyes. I stood at the edge, looking over into a large drop of what appeared to have a small lake in the center of the canyon. I wanted to take a picture of it all, or scream, or something that I could use to remember what this place was.

><br>Ofcourse, I wasn't like to forget this planet. After all, nothing else anyone had seen was really similar at all to it.

><br>WOOOOOOSH.

><br>A covenant dropship flew by overhead. It appeared to have noticed me, as the back-guns had turned towards myself, but I was out of its range.

><br>Walking over to a Warthog I figured that the dropship was probably heading towards the surviving members of the Pillar of Autumn. My surviving members. None were to die if I went here. . . or atleast no humans.

><br>I sat down in the seat. It felt like leather, but it was probably synthetic, as leather could be used as minor armor during such times as this one. I pushed my left foot down - most people I knew used their right, but my right foot could be used to project me out of the vehicle, or kick something, as I was right-footed.

><br>I got off to a fast start, not hitting any rocks or dropping off an unseen ridge - I could see them, and if I couldn't Cortana could scope it out and tell me. As I thought this, she began to speak to me.

><br>"Covenant dropship, coming from behind."

><br>She had a pretty voice. Yeah, "She". She was nothing more than a piece of computer - but when fallen into the wrong hands, that bit of memory could destroy Earth. Destroy all. Destroy.

><br>"6:00, coming in to close proximity. You may want to get ready to fire."

><br>"I read you," I responded.

><br>I turned my head around, just peeking with the corner of my eyes at both the area in front of where I was driving and the Covenant dropship. The second dropship was actually somewhat of a good sign - it meant a battle was raging, and the aliens weren't doing so well. There was a small ship in the distance, not giving away much for the normal eye to see.

><br>"Sudden drop ahead," she informed me.

><br>". . ."

><br>"Sudden drop ahead, Master Chief!"

><br>"I'll use it to my advantage."

><br>"200 meters to the drop, 100 meters to Dropship.."

><br>She was stubborn. A great voice but stubborn like a pig going to the butcher's shop - helping mankind, but not enjoying it. I peered around again, this time putting the Warthog in cruise control. I knew what to do, I thought when I pulled out a grenade and my MA5B Assault Rifle.

><br>"100 meters to the drop, Dropship in extremely close proximity, sir."

><br>BLAM - BLAM - BLAM - BLAM

><br>The dropship began firing upon me, slowly making its way from overshooting me from the right to where the Warthog was.

><br>"Get ready for the drop."

><br>The Warthog flew off the ledge, and I hopped my way onto the seat to the right. I saw the look of two Elite's staring at me, right in the eyes. I could sense what they were feeling - hate. I felt the same way about them - hatred. 'Religious quest' my ass.

><br>It was as if everything went in slow motion: from the side seat I saw the dropship begin to speed up, not realising that the jump would slow me down. The ship went to my side, and I saw the ship fire - firing meant its shields were down. I chuckled the grenade towards where the Elite's were, and then fired my rifle at the grenade to make sure the grenade would explode in time to destroy the ship.

><br>BOOOOM!

><br>It was a great shot, especially for an un-steady assault rifle with less than a second to fire at it.

><br>". . . Master Chief!"

><br>The Warthog landed, still in cruise control, and the tires turned towards what was my 9:00. I flew out of the Warthog, nearly knocking myself out.

><br>Atleast I destroyed the dropship.

><br>TO BE CONTINUED.

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